

or like Kafka's artist
charge admission,
I could minimize
bread alone,
I could stitch a life from this
or call it art. I
could haul my scoured ribs
past politics and find wine
in an empty belly's mockery
of government. I could side
with such romance
or really, I could tell you
that I live in Los Angeles
weigh two-thirty-five and just
shared a mushroom pizza
with a lady on Vermont Avenue.
We had five bottles of Bud
and now I'm going for some rum,
Bacardi light, with Coke and limes.
Cuba Libres. Sausages for breakfast.
Ah, my friend, did you really swallow
all that bitter deprivation?

At the Artiste Bar
the barmaid's mouth sets
against laughter, she
talks through her hands
and her quick fingertips
suture her smile --
she can't forget those missing teeth --

not even later, I wonder, her arms and legs
spidered over some guy's back
eyes wild or quiet in penetration
what shape has her mouth then?

-- Tony Quagliano

Los Angeles, CA

NOTICE::NOTICE:::NOTICE:::NOTICE:::NOTICE:::NOTICE

In the last issue (Wormwood:40), the name of Ron
Koertge was omitted (page 126) after the following
poems: "In The Hollywood Deli"

"The Burglar"

"Lazarus" and

"Lately" ... thus it appears that they were
authored by Gerald Locklin. Both poets have been
exceptionally tolerant of the editor's error. We
are re-running the mis-credited poems and adding
three more inimitable Koertge poems. Turn the page: